The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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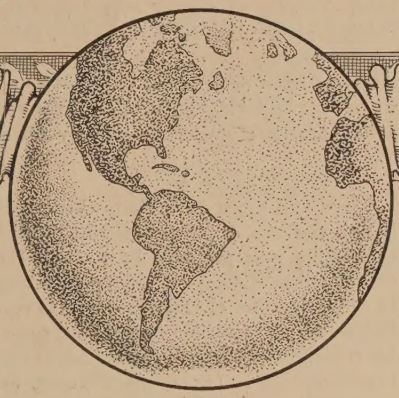

Sowing Dragons' Teeth

THE judicial section of the American Bar Association, venturing to speak for all the judges, wishes to express this warning to the American people: Reverence for law and enforcement of law depend mainly upon the ideals and customs of those who occupy the vantage ground of life in business and society. The people of the United States, by solemn constitutional and statutory enactment, have undertaken to suppress the age-long evil of the liquor traffic. When, for the gratification of their appetites or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery and homicide, they are sowing dragons' teeth, and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest.—*From a report unanimously adopted by the Judicial Section of the American Bar Association.*

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

We believe what we want to believe and then find reasons to confirm our convictions. Of course we do not deliberately seek arguments for views which we already hold. Usually we are not even aware our opinions are fixed, so subtly have they gained the mastery. But business and social interests have determined our views and we are really trying to justify them so as not to think ill of ourselves. (*Edgar James Swift.*)

υ λ

There will never be a time when there is not work to do; but how much more comforting it is going to be to have the consciousness that you are contributing to the alleviation of those inescapable sufferings of peace rather than to be called upon to relieve the sufferings deliberately caused by war. (*President Harding, before meeting of the American Red Cross.*)

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It was plain that some day would find either China extinct or China born again. The grace of righteousness and justice and brotherhood is operating in Washington by the spoken word of our President and our Secretary of State, so that one by one, and somewhat shamefaced, the Powers acknowledge their transgression and already say they will get out, the details requiring of course some time for their adjustment. This is the most momentous achievement in the East. (*The Christian Register.*)

υ λ

Where the industry does not equalize itself, the employer must make some special arrangement in order to keep labor steadily employed throughout the year. One of the illustratious examples in this country is the Dennison Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Mass. This company started as manufacturers of Christmas trinkets. Their busy season began in September and ended with about three or four months of intense crowding and overwork. Then they adopted a purpose of stabilizing their business. It became the business of their salesmen to induce the retailers to order in advance so that the manufacturing could come along throughout the year instead of being concentrated in one season. They introduced many other products to which their employees could be transferred, and they trained their workers so that they might change from one occupation to another. Now they manufacture several thousand different articles, and for several years they have had no unemployment. It has required ingenuity, good management, and good salesmanship, but it has been accomplished. (*The Survey.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

MOVING

YES, we are moving, from the old home to the new. Not a little regret mingles with all our happy anticipations. For something of the life that has gone on under the old roof clings there and can not be moved. But we are sure that the spirit that makes us go with regret will go with us, and we hope to give it more adequate expression than ever before. And if the scattered members of the family miss the usual letters or even the regular arrival of the papers, let them congratulate themselves on also missing the vicissitudes of the migration.

It is a long mile to the weary walker.

* *

The rich man is he who has enough and knows it.

* *

The food that nourishes the buzzard is deadly to the man.

* *

The minister who attempts so many things is apt to do nothing.

* *

We exile ourselves from God and then complain because He is so far away.

* *

Consider the breadth and the depth of the sermon rather than its length.

* *

The loving heart will remove the craft from the eye and the sting from the tongue.

* *

A real patriot at the polls may do as much for his country as the patriot on the field.

* *

We are not a Christian people until the state which we people make is Christianized.

* *

Beware lest the congregation going away feels that it has been fed with an empty spoon.

Who hath not known suffering has not reached maturity, no matter how many years he has lived.

* *

It will take something more than ordinary preaching to hold the attention of people who are hungry.

* *

Life's cake will be heavy if you don't introduce a bit of Utopia, and imagination, and fun, in the making.

* *

The pulpit is a throne of power, but it wants a man in it with an intellectual and spiritual scepter.

* *

He had attained large wealth and he sought to buy happiness, but alas, there was none in the market for sale.

* *

The sunshine on the snow is a joy to the artist, but a worry to the householder who remembers the hole in his roof.

* *

Vices are learned without a teacher, says an old Italian proverb, but that was spoken before the days of the comic supplement.

* *

That Bad Taste

There once was a boy who, being sick, and having tried a number of doctors, remarked of the last one, that he liked that doctor because his medicine had such an awful taste, he was sure it would cure him. And shortly afterwards he recovered and was ever after confident that the bad tasting medicine did the job, that he got well because of the medicine, instead of in spite of it! It would seem that among the theological doctors there are still many who base the efficiency of their treatment upon the bad taste they leave in the mouth. And a great many of the dear people are of the same opinion as the boy. They want something that tastes bad! Great crowds go to hear the ranting message of an orthodoxy which, violating all the laws of mental and spiritual health, has the bad taste which makes them know they have taken something! A president of a college recently preached a sermon to a big church conference which had the same color and flavor of theological prescriptions of a century ago, but large numbers of people gulped it down gladly, and as they came out some remarked they could not believe as he did, but it had

such an awful taste, "it must be true!" We are yet a long, long way off from the Gospel's simple message of the simple truth which is good to take.

It Is Still with Us

We no longer hear it in the big city churches, and therefore we think it is all over, but even in the large cities of the North there is more of it than we realize. In a big city not so far from the centers of culture, there is a minister who comes from one of the training schools for ministers who is addressing great audiences, and this is what he is stressing: "When Christ died for us he shed his blood, and God declares, 'The life is the blood thereof,' and God only gives life to the soul through the life blood of His Son. The church member who does not approach God through the merits of His Son, God does not recognize. The doctrine of the atoning blood of Christ flows like a crimson stream." And so on. And people go to hear and to receive this as the message of the Gospel, real people, often people of general intelligence, and we are wondering why. Not a little of this patronage is due to the spirit of the age, which is eager to get something for nothing. They take a chance to get rich quick, and they take a chance of getting into a future heaven without effort. They can not see that the message of the Master called them to effort here and now to make their own lives heavenly; they do not want to struggle to overcome their sins when they can float on "the blood" into safety. This is still here, and it is handicapping all effort to make religion a practical working program of living. We who are looking to uplifting humanity through the practical plan and program of Jesus, must not fool ourself with the notion that all pioneer work is done in the field of theology.

It Is Only a Little Thing

Some one who has had experience greatly desires the Conventions of our Church to take some action which will cause our ministers to be more cordial, and to greet people with sympathetic purpose. "It is such a little thing to shake hands and say a pleasant word at the close of service, but it means so much." All of which is very true, and we are confident it will appear to most of our ministers so commonplace that they will say, "Of course; why not!" But there are others, and most of us, in the press of what seem more important things, slack a little on this large little thing! We hear so constantly of people going to church and not being spoken to, and we must recognize that in the great majority of cases the fault is with themselves. Either in manner or by actual avoidance they make a greeting impossible. But there are other cases where the whole atmosphere of the church is cold and repulsive, where the minister, unappreciative of his work in its larger measurements, thinks when he has preached his sermon he has done his part, he can not bother with such foolish things as shaking hands with a lot of indifferent people. But we must remember that the stranger within our gates may be very lonely, and a bit of human sympathy may be more powerful than the mighty sermon, and serve a higher and holier purpose. Like all good things the after-service greetings at the door is subject to abuses and will often tax the minister beyond his strength. But here is a little thing in church activities which measures large in getting the results for which the church stands, which are greater than the instruction of the preacher or the entertainment by the choir, and must always mean helping up and on those who are down, and putting good cheer in the hearts of all. Sometimes a warm hand is more effective than a sharp tongue.

* *

THE NEW WORLD

To call America the new world sounds commonplace, yet there are many on both sides of both oceans who feel justified in inquiring concerning the elements of which the newness consists. Their tired eyes behold our long-continued domestic efforts to adjust our industrial relations, utilize our increased commercial bottoms, balance our tariff between the altitude of protection and the depth of deficit, and solve the problem of whether a Federal Judge can be —concurrently—a baseball umpire, to say nothing of our inter-church failure and our international procrastination, and the sense of interrogation remains undiminished. Yet the statue of Liberty still stands three thousand miles from California, and our intermittent invitations to immigration will probably be about as much controlled by regulatory exclusiveness as they have been heretofore.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the shortcomings of an immature democracy, still unable to adequately co-ordinate its strength, its intellect, and its emotions, the soul of it is divinely new; and its vision of self-government on the basis of equal citizenship is one that the old world knows not save as it has learned wisdom from political babes and sucklings.

To call Universalism the New Christianity, or the inevitable religion of to-morrow, is to use a phrase less familiar even among ourselves. And on both sides the oceans of divisive theology, there are still some who feel justified in inquiring concerning the elements of which the newness consists; and perhaps still more who will be prompted to question on the one side the adequate resources of a new spiritual continent and on the other the native or imported ability attempting efficient mobilization. Nor will the sense of interrogation be much diminished as tired eyes behold our long-continued efforts to spread a common truth by means of self-determining and only partially co-operating units.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the shortcomings of an immature religious democracy still unable to adequately co-ordinate its strength, its intellect and its emotions, the soul of it is divinely new-born of the Virgin Christ-truth. Its vision of self-government based on the unanswerable keynote of the Universal Fatherhood of God, with obligations voluntarily assumed rather than externally imposed, has already compelled modifying concessions from the autocratic and bureaucratic rulers of the old religious empires who, with considerable reluctance, have found it necessary even in "Evangelical" exclusiveness, to learn wisdom from religious babes and sucklings.

The prophecy is of a new heaven (or human harmony) as well as a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Following the General Superintendent

The Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

THE monotony of travel over the same railroad lines is occasionally interrupted by happenings spicy with interest. If you are not too much like "Kent Knowles, Quohaug," one of Joseph Lincoln's quaint characters, you will scrape acquaintances with interesting and sometimes with notable people.

In my journeyings I meet with people who have been distinguished and extinguished. Since writing my last article for these columns it has been my good fortune to meet one who has been distinguished and extinguished several times, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. He was in the section just ahead of mine on the opposite side of the Pullman. Immediately on recognizing him I scraped an acquaintance. He responded readily, made room for me to sit down and proceeded at once to talk. On politics? No, on religion, for I had handed him my card. I am sure his eye caught the Rev. in front of my name and failed to notice the denominational title. He pointed out that the world is in a bad way and then he proceeded to tell what, in his opinion, is the cause of it. "Ministers and churches are forsaking true religion," he said. "They don't believe in the God of the Bible. They reject the *fact* of the Genesis account of creation and accept the unproved *theory* of evolution. They don't believe any more in an infallible Bible, in vicarious atonement, in everlasting punishment, and in salvation by grace through the blood of Christ."

If you think Mr. Bryan is weak in argument. think again. You may have the best of the question you are debating with him, but if you don't watch out, he will have the best of the argument. He is a student. He ventures forth into the arena of discussion on no subject until he has read practically everything that has been written upon it. I have encountered few men who were more familiar with the subject matter of evolution.

I made little effort to combat his opinions. Our interview was not long and Mr. Bryan talked most of the time, while I listened, thereby putting myself in the position of the man who, in reply to the judge in a divorce case, when he asked him if he had ever had any words with his wife, said, "Yes, but I never got a chance to use them."

Just as our conversation ended I did inform him that I belong to a Church that rejects all of the doctrines upon which he contends the salvation of the world depends, while it teaches all of the doctrines which he insists are directly responsible for the fact that the world is now headed for wreck and ruin, if it is a fact. I was hankering to ask him how he accounts for the failure of the millennium to materialize during the long centuries when all of his favorite dogmas held undisputed sway in the religious world, but there was no opportunity for this thrust. I do recall that his last salvo was one to the effect that things have come to a terrible pass and that there is not much hope for the world when the Methodist Church actually ordains a man to the ministry who declares that he does not believe in the Immaculate Conception. Isn't it interesting to know what some people think of the very views which to you are so true and so wholesome?

* *

I have recently visited one of the most unique and picturesque, and one of the quaintest, spots on the North American continent, Provincetown, Massachusetts, for the purpose of preaching at a service planned as a Cape Cod Rally. It was my first trip to Provincetown, but not my first down on the Cape.

One of the oldest settlements in the new world, still the home of many of the descendants of the early Pilgrims; overlooked by one of the most notable monuments ever erected, commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod Nov. 11, 1629, and their anchoring in this harbor; the adoption in the cabin of the Mayflower, on the day of the arrival, of the Compact of the Government, the first charter of a democratic government in the world's history; the birth here of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England, and many other historical events; the summer retreat, in our day, of a most remarkable colony of artists, situated on the tip end of Cape Cod—Provincetown is not only interesting and attractive, it is different from anything I know of anywhere in America.

There is but one street running through the town, so you are not likely to get lost. During the summer you will see at almost every bend in this street artists seated on canvas stools sketching scenes which will be painted, with oils or water colors, in detail during the coming winter and sold to admirers of paintings who have the price to pay.

With Mrs. Lowe and Jack I was the personal guest of the Rev. Nancy W. P. Smith, herself one of the descendants of the first residents of Provincetown, who made us very comfortable and gave us bits of history not elsewhere obtainable.

The town itself has no monopoly on the romance of local history. Our church there, one of the oldest and finest examples of colonial church architecture in our denomination, and crowned by a graceful Christopher Wrenn tower, has back of it a history fully as romantic as the story of Thomas Potter's Meeting-house at Good Luck, New Jersey.

Something over a century ago, two young girls, daughters of Prince Freeman, were gathering driftwood one day—it was part of their daily task to go wooding—when they espied a book floating in the seaweed. With a barrel hoop they hooked the book ashore. It was "The Life of John Murray," water-soaked but legible.

The girls kept their find a secret, dried the book and read it. What is more, they believed it. Their parents also read and were converted to Universalism. The book was passed around in the community and many embraced the new faith. Thus an Orthodox stronghold was invaded by that which was washed up out of the sea. A society was formed, a minister was called and later the church was built.

The interior wall decorations are worthy of more

than passing notice. The color scheme, of various shades of brown blending with the natural color of the walls, is very simple, but striking in its effect. The side walls are paneled and you are sure at first that the panels are actually indented, but such is not the case.

As I entered the church and looked down the aisle toward the pulpit, I was positive that I beheld a very attractive chancel extending back from the pulpit platform several feet. On examination, however, I found nothing but a perfectly flat wall. This effect is produced by very skillful shading, and is most effective. The ceiling design is taken from the Temple of Neptune on the Acropolis in Athens, while the side wall pattern is copied from a famous church in Italy. The artist who was responsible for the interior decorations was Dr. Charles Wendte, father of the talented Unitarian student and preacher, Dr. Charles Wendte of Newton, Massachusetts. When you want to see something different and bewitchingly interesting go to Provincetown.

* *

It was while I was down on the Cape that I chanced to stop at the "Windmill Shop" at West Dennisport, where I met the original "Shavings" of Joseph Lincoln's best seller by that name. Many will recall that this particular Lincoln story was dramatized and enjoyed a very successful run in New York.

"Shavings" was the first windmill man on the Cape. He has numerous imitators now, but he originated the idea by accident. But let me explain a little. The tourist on the Cape encounters here and there a most appealing sight. He beholds fences, erected for the purpose, on which are numerous types of Dutch windmills, enameled in white, red, green and blue, all of them spinning round as the breeze fans their paddles, making a picture that invites you irresistibly to stop and spend the price of one—this latter especially if you have a small boy or girl along with you.

Well, we had the small boy with us and we stopped at the right place. I found the maker and salesman of the windmills to be more than a mere merchandizer. He was an interesting man and disposed to talk. He had been a grocer, but left the business and one day he whittled out—rather aimlessly and just to amuse himself—the parts of a small toy windmill. He put them together, painted the product and supposed that was the end of it, but he was mistaken. The children admired his product and the father of one boy persuaded him to sell him the toy. Others besieged him with appeals and he began making them for sale in response to the demand, with the result that he built up a business which has grown to such proportions that he would like to retire from it soon, and no doubt will. To this day, however, he makes his toys with his knife and a few simple tools.

Joseph Lincoln one day happened along in search of an inspiration for a new story. He stopped, bought a windmill and began chatting with the "windmill man." His host talked on, telling the story that I have here given in brief. The great author and maker of fun—such jolly fun interspersed with a liberal sprinkling of good sense—asked many questions, and all the time he was taking mental notes. A new book was already in the making. Little did the windmill man dream as he talked with the gifted writer that he was going to be written up, but written up he was in "Shavings," one of the best novels Lincoln has produced to date. It was thus that a humble obscure toy maker found his way into a far famed romance and on to the stage in a New York theater on Broadway, where he amused thousands. Isn't it strange how things work out? It is not fiction that is strange, but truth. When the windmill man had finished telling me this tale he exclaimed: "Yes, sir. I'm the original 'Shavings,' and Mr. Lincoln sat right there on that very stool where you're sitting now, when he picked out of me the material for his book. He invited me up to Boston when the play was put on there and had me sit in a box. Yes, sir," he repeated, "I'm the original 'Shavings,' " and you could see he was proud of his fame. When he had finished his narrative I stood up, looked at the stool, and said to myself: "Well, I have occupied the seat of the mighty, anyway." On rising I shook hands with the windmill man and remarked: "You are not being interviewed by an author this time. I am a Universalist minister." "Say," he exclaimed, "is that so? Say, I'm a Universalist myself," and he started off on another chapter of his life history. But I will spare you that. Once more, however, let me observe, isn't it funny how things work out?

* *

Plymouth, Massachusetts, wanted to hear some echoes of the Detroit Convention, so I went down there for a meeting of the Old Colony Association, at the request of the Rev. B. B. Gibbs—at that time minister of the Plymouth church, but now the new pastor of Good Tidings in Brooklyn, New York—and echoed to the extent of my ability.

Plymouth, the landing place of the first permanent white settlers in America and the scene of their first abiding place in the new world, was the center of widespread interest all through last summer. Here the Tercentenary Celebration ceremonies took place. Here possibly the most elaborate and spectacular historical pageant ever presented in the United States was staged on the shores of the bay not more than fifty yards from the old "Plymouth Rock" on which, tradition tells us (history says no), the Pilgrims landed when they came ashore.

One simply can not even begin to describe a few of the interesting things in Plymouth, because everything, nearly, is historic. I wish every American might go there some time. Possibly no spot in the country has so much in it that is of such absorbing interest to all those who love "their own, their native land." The cemetery on the hill overlooking the town and the bay, the oldest in the nation, contains the graves of many of those who were the immediate descendants of the original Pilgrims, the original Pilgrims themselves having been buried in unmarked graves at the time, to hide them from the Indians. I can understand the feeling of pride experienced by those who are able to trace their ancestral line back to the Mayflower, thereby proving that they are direct descendants of the Pilgrim forefathers. I have been guilty of trying to get my own ancestor into the Mayflower, but every time I get anywhere near the good

ship, it is already overcrowded, and then about that time the line itself becomes obscure, with the result that I have to remain outside.

* *

State Conventions of a worth while sort have been pretty much in evidence since my last article in the *Leader*. In the order named I attended four of them: Vermont, Illinois, Maine, New York. The Vermont Convention was held in Brattleboro, just over the line from Massachusetts. The Brattleboro church is one of the strongest of its class in the denomination. It is a church of a goodly number of substantial people and it abounds in good works. Rev. Delmar Trout, who is now the pastor of Springfield, Mass., First, began his ministry in the Brattleboro church and stayed there over twelve years. Rev. E. P. Wood, formerly pastor of the Pullman Memorial Church in Albion, New York, has succeeded Mr. Trout, and he is succeeding him successfully.

The Vermont Convention was the best I have ever attended in the Green Mountain State. If there was one thing in the Convention which was talked of more than another it was the report of the State Superintendent, the Rev. George F. Fortier. The next item of interest was the sending of the Rev. Clifford Stetson and his wife to Japan as our missionaries. We all hope that Vermonters will take as much pride in their representatives in Japan as Rhode Islanders do in Dr. Ayres, and that their financial and moral support of Mr. Stetson will even exceed that of the little state that does so many really big things.

* *

Brattleboro is the home of the celebrated Estey Organ Company, makers of reed and pipe organs. Most of the friends from out of town who were in Brattleboro for the first time were given the privilege of going through the plant, where so many of the wonderful organs are made which delight and inspire the thousands of worshipers who assemble in our churches and in those of all denominations throughout the world on Sunday. Estey organs are famous the world over. I have always felt that the pipe organ is the most wonderful of all musical instruments. A trip through the Estey plant did not change my mind. The marvelous mechanism behind the rich and beautiful strains of music which stream forth from the mighty pipe organ in some immense building, in obedience to the delicate but masterful touch of the organist as he sits before the manuals working simultaneously with both hands and feet, is almost human.

We were exceedingly fortunate in our visit to the Estey works. We not only saw every one of the thousands of parts, both great and small, in the process of making, but we saw a very large organ nearly all assembled for its trial performance. No organ is ever sent out until it has been set up in the assembly room just as it will be in the cathedral, theater, church or private home for which it has been built, that it may be tested and tuned. It is then taken down, and the parts are packed in boxes, for shipment to their destination.

It gives you a strange feeling to go through the shops where the parts are being made when at last you come upon the finished product in the assembly room. As you go from room to room and from shop to shop you see nothing but so many pieces of wood, leather, silk, lead, brass, wire, ivory and other inanimate substances being put together in all sorts of queer shapes, each one dumb and speechless. Then suddenly you come out into testing rooms where all of these thousands of parts have been put together in a mechanism which, it still seems to me, is the most wonderful creation of mortal man. In a few moments the men will climb down from their seemingly precarious perches high up in the massive frame work and the test will be made.

The organist sits down before the series of manuals, stops and pedals. Lightly, ever so lightly, his fingers fall upon and ripple over the ivory keys. Suddenly the immense structure before you becomes animate. Those pieces of wood and metal so dumb and speechless before, as if by a miracle, almost, break forth into speech. You hear the flute, the violin, the obo, the human voice, the songs of birds, the murmurings of rippling brooks, peals of thunder echoing over the hillsides and dying away in the valleys. You hear the music that thrills you with its powerful sweep until you feel as though you were mounting up toward the clouds on eagle's wings, and then you hear the soft, gentle music, with chimes of bells pealing out their mellow notes in the distance, that gives you the feeling that heaven must be near and that the celestial choirs are singing.

I think in some respects the most interesting place in the organ factory is what is called the "voicing room." Here the individual pipes are delivered to the "voicer." When he receives them they are just pipes, that's all, with a hole at the end and on one side. The side opening has what is called a "lip" which may be opened or closed with a pair of pliers. The voicer attaches the pipes to an organ manual frame supplied with air pressure by an electric blower. He presses a key on the manual and you hear nothing but the swish of the wind as it rushes through the pipe; the pipe is dumb; no note, musical or otherwise, is heard. He reaches up with his pliers, pinches the "lip" between them and rolls it either up or down as the case may be, still pressing on the key, and suddenly you get an unearthly groan that rises to the shrill notes of a scream. He continues to open and close the lip and you get a series of the most horrible noises to which you ever listened. At this precise moment the voicer turns his head toward you and with a twinkle in his eye says, "We call this Murderer's Row here," and you have no trouble in understanding his meaning. You feel like holding your ears to shut out the discordant, excruciating notes, and some of the girls in our party did clap their hands up to their ears.

Then once more the voicer runs his left hand over the keyboard while with the other he adjusts the lips in the pipes a little more, and then almost before you know what has happened he is playing you a soft and dreamy little melody that sounds like the chirping of the most bewitching little song birds you have ever heard singing by your open window on a bright morning in June.

If you ever have a chance to go through an organ factory, don't miss it.

Editorial Correspondence

THERE are a good many people going up and down our street, just as there are more or less people going up and down all streets everywhere; that is what streets are for, and sometimes it seems as though that is what people are for. But it is noticeable here in this city of the South, for there is no alternative; either you must go up and down the street, or sit on your front porch and watch other fellows do it. Both men and women go to and fro, nominally on their own business, but really to furnish interest and entertainment for those who sit and watch.

* *

Some hurry, others loiter, and still others are just moderate. With some, though their eyes are in their heads their vision is a mile away behind the desk or counter where they are beginning work before they get there. The child in their way is just an obstacle; they may see it or they may step on it, and then swear at careless parents who let their kids out on the sidewalk without tethering! But they know not childhood any more than they know the glowing poinsettia which leans over the wall and tickles their faces as they rush by; they can not tell the difference between the touch of that fair flower and the light wing of the mosquito, and both are angrily brushed away. There is an old acquaintance coming from the other way, but the rusher speeds down a side street so as not to be detained by such "foolishness as friendship." They are out to get things, and they are successful even unto the end, until they face, with a sickening sense, the dismal fact that in the things worth while in life they have simply got left! You can not tell them this, for they are of the ancient and dishonorable tribe of those who know it all, who never discover a stone wall until they bump their heads against it. I sometimes fancy that when these rushers reach the heavenly gate, and St. Peter holds them up for examination, they are going to resent the delay, and say to the ancient saint with the big whiskers, "See here, old fellow, we have a date with the Almighty to close an important deal and must not be detained; our time is valuable!" But the ancient door-keeper will smile upon those rushers and tell them they have moved over from the sub-division of time into the limits of eternity, and they will now have more time than they know what to do with, and they can go over there by the gate and sit down on the seat outside for a few thousand years, till they get over their hurry!

* *

Then there are the loiterers, who mostly have the appearance of just enduring life as a favor to the Creator and their fellow creatures! As they walk they strike the heel first, then leisurely roll up on the ball of the foot, as the heel of the other foot is hitting the pavement; alternating thus, they progress towards nothing in particular. Sometimes they think they are thinking, and they are filled with pride if they think they are making other folks think they are thinking! There is one now—a woman who is going out to lunch; not to a luncheon, but to get something to eat, and her progress down the street is a poem of lazy, leisurely loitering. She is advertising the disgraceful fact that she does not work, that is, on her four weeks vacation. She looks with a distant pity upon the housewife coming from the market and forgets that in two weeks and five days she will be doing the same thing! Or it may be because she has known the luxurious life of the loiterer she will continue to let others do the work while she feels the pity.

* *

But there are some of these loiterers whom I like; they have earned the right, and they know the way. To loiter is a real art, and none may successfully imitate it. The rushing torrent of the mountain stream is beautiful and thrilling, but when it reaches the valley of meadows and shaded shores, where the heavenly sunlight filters through the leaves and kisses the face of the waters, where trees sit close on the edge of the bank and dabble their feet in the loitering stream, where scholars come to think, and lovers come to dream, then does its beauty possess our hearts, for its work is done for the time, and it is storing up its strength ere it plunges into the rapids below and goes laughing to the sea. There are these delightful and wholesome human loiterers on my street, they have earned the right, and learned the art, and they are like that bohemian tree not far away, which bears no fruit, but for several months each year glorifies itself with royal purple bloom and makes glad all passersby, even those who hurry. That tree has given something to the world and therefore has the right to loiter, and nature has given to that tree the art of service and so it knows how. There is the whole thing, whether in nature or in man; these who have lived but to get discover at the last that they have but been filling a bag with holes and behold, they have no time to loiter or to think, for they are condemned forever, or, at least until they repent and acquire some sense, to go on putting things into the bag with holes. Those who have earned the right, and those who have learned the art, of loitering, are a delightful folk, as grateful and restful as the mellow moonlight after the glaring day.

* *

But to paraphrase Lincoln's statement: God must love the moderate people because He made so many of them. And mostly we children of God agree with Him, for we find them such a comfort after the stress and strain of the strenuous, and the relaxation of the loiterers. Behold the normal, the well-balanced, those who have a work to do and do it, those who have a time for rest and take it, those who hunger for play and play with gladness, those whose minds are keen, but which cut not others. Those who have joy in their work and make it good because they like it, those who sometime and somewhere and somehow have got over being fools and become normal and sensible, and enjoyable and efficient. Blessed be those who are moderate, for they carry the world upon their backs and keep its feet out of the mud.

Here they all go up and down m
in my rocking chair and enjoy them
comes along and wants to know wher
occurs to me that I must be classified
even loafers are sometimes useful; t

iron down along the keel of the ship are loafing, but they keep the vessel from turning turtle.

* *

That word "loafer" is put in there not as a confession, but just as a background against which my industry is to shine like a good deed in a naughty world! So it would appear to me; to others, who judge by visible results, there is probably the thought that I would better have stopped right there and let it go at that. And it may be they are right, but people, especially missionaries, learn a good many things without effort. And in my capacity of missionary, I am becoming quite intelligent. I have demonstrated the old saw that you can not grow a three-year-old calf in three weeks! In a big modern city full of strange people, strange to each other as well as to you, you must make a very loud noise before you attract any marked attention. Or else you must continue to ring your little bell until people wonder what the pestiferous thing is, and try to suppress it! Noisy people are frequent in religious enterprises, and they do their work in their own way, and no doubt do good, but our way is not along that lead. We are appealing to the reasonable as well as to the emotional, which is the proper balance. So far as results go, that is, immediate results, we may be all wrong, but in the ultimate there is a place for the sane as well as for the sacramental, for reason as well as for reverence, and we have nought to do with the results; it is ours to do and speak the right and the truth. All of which means that we must revise as well as re-enforce our missionary activities. And I would have you know that there is no loafing on the job if you would simply spread the gospel, or build a church. As I have before remarked, and must remark again and again, missionary work which really counts must begin in the home church rather than on the frontier. We must make Universalists who will be like unto one we have here, who never attended a Universalist church, because there was none available, but who was made a Universalist by his faithful father, and he says to me: "Don't you worry about me, I am a Universalist and will stand without hitching, get after the other people!" We want several hundred thousand more Universalists who will stand without hitching, so that we workers can be about the Father's business.

* *

The "season" is slow in starting here this year, because so many people have already spent their war-profits! But the tide is beginning to set our way. Meanwhile the loyal members resident here are taking hold in splendid shape, and around this nucleus we shall gather a real Church which will be the central power station for spreading the faith. We have had no end of handicaps, notably the "dengue fever," which has been very popular, and incapacitated for a brief time the pastor and some of his chief helpers, but its reign is brief if fervid. Are we disheartened? Not a little bit. We have cleared these things out of the way at the start, and now, being immune, we are inspired.

We want many of our people to break away from the ice-barriers of the North and to come to the land of perpetual and comfortable and healthful summer, and when you come just remember that we are holding services every Sunday in a theater seating fifteen hundred people, and there is still room for you!

F. A. B.

The Radicals and Conservatives at the Conference

The Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., D. D.

RADICALS and conservatives of all kinds and degrees are reporting this Conference. Both are intensely interesting to the true liberal, and necessary for his symmetrical growth and development, but both make him very unhappy at times.

To-day, when we are most exultant, these radicals drop gloom over us like a pall. We have put over naval disarmament. "What is that," they say, "but scrapping a few ships? Tanks and poison gas and submarines and land forces are intact!"

We have made a four-power agreement for the Pacific. "That is nothing but a new military alliance," they declare.

It looks as if we were all agreed to protect China for the future. "We will have none of it," they cry, "unless we can abolish every thieves agreement of the past."

It is the everlasting question: "Shall we accept half a loaf instead of no bread?" Is not half a loaf considerable for a starving man?

We had to wait for an hour last night for Secretary Hughes to keep his appointment with the correspondents. We knew that the agreement upon naval limitation had been reached that afternoon and that Hughes was coming to tell us. We knew the terms, how the Japanese were to keep the "Mutsu," we were to finish the "Colorado "and the "Washington" and the British were to build two new 37,000 ton ships—a slight increase all around.

Said my friend the conservative: "This is bully news. It would have been an economic crime for us to scrap those two ships 90 per cent finished." Said my other friend the radical: "This is a body blow for Hughes. Let us see how he takes it."

But when Hughes came at last, he came like a conqueror. He was very happy. He said clearly and positively that there had been slight adjustments made necessary by the popular demand in Japan for their new ship already afloat, but that the ratio stood and the substance of the original proposals had been incorporated in the final agreement.

My radical friend could concede nothing to armament or to war. He could not recognize that an evil as old as mankind could not be extirpated in one conference.

The same thing happened to-day. Balfour made a beautiful and inspiring speech to the correspondents. "The proposals of Secretary Hughes," said he, "seemed to me at first, and seem now, a landmark in international relations, because they began with sacrifice. The naval agreement just concluded will shine with augmenting luster as the years go on."

I personally was quite carried away with Balfour,

but another old friend, a veteran British correspondent, said to me going out: "Does it not make you sick to hear a man speak such words?"

What did this veteran correspondent see? He saw only the cold fact that under the revised terms England instead of having a complete naval holiday, will have to build two huge ships each costing $40,000,000.

"Your tremendous proposed appropriation for Russia," said another man, "of $20,000,000, which everybody is praying will go through before Christmas, represents the cost of only one-half of one of these ships."

I am very happy in spite of everything, or perhaps because of everything.

For a while we had the Democratic party educating the masses of our people upon the questions of world opportunity, world responsibility, world duty. Now we have the Republican party educating others. Eventually we will be able to put a treaty calling for world service through, by a two-thirds vote, in the most remote and provincial hamlet.

The fellows who have had the body blow are the fellows who want to stir up strife between England and America. The talk about inevitable war with Japan is going to stop for a while at least. The big navy men are going to take a holiday. The "preparedness" people will pigeonhole a few of their insufferable resolutions.

There are still enough things to temper our joy.

The incomprehensible attitude of France saddens some of her best friends. Some of us who will never forget the France of Verdun, who will hold the French poilus in undying gratitude, who love the France of art and science and literature, the France of joy and beauty, see here in Washington a France which wants large armies, many submarines, and now a new navy of huge capital ships.

France still has it in her power to almost ruin this Conference upon the Limitation of Armaments. I don't believe that she will do it.

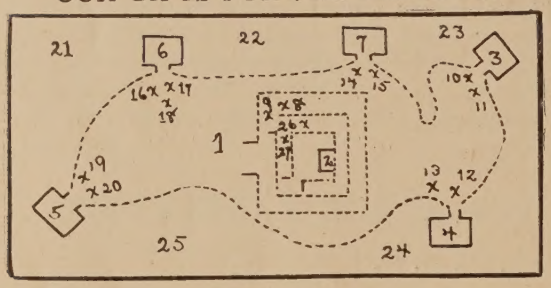
As a leader of the Italians said to-night: "We shall insist upon having a navy as large as the navy of France, but we thought that we were coming to a conference upon disarmament. France seems to have come to a conference on more armament."

Dec. 16, 1921.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

OUR GIFTS FOR THE KINGDOM



1. Temple.
2. Altar (inside temple).
3-7. Houses.
8. Jesus.
9. Chest.
10. Widow.
11. Her child.
12-20. People at other houses.
21-25. Grass, flowers, trees, etc.
26-27. Disciples standing by Jesus.

WHAT do we see when we go out of doors on a bright summer day? Don't we see the blue sky, the green grass, the trees, also pretty flowers and the great, bright, summer sun? Who gives us all these wonderful things? God does, doesn't He? Well, now, when we receive gifts from our friends we say, "Thank you," don't we? So when God has given us such beautiful gifts, don't you think we ought to say "Thank you" to Him? Well, that is what we do when we pray, so now, let us all bow our heads and we'll say a little "thank you" prayer. (All bow heads and repeat after teacher.)

"Dear God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the many gifts that Thou hast given us. Amen!"

Our lesson, to-day, is to be about giving gifts. Let us turn our attention to our table. Here is the center of it. (Point to temple.) This is what we call a temple, or a church. The people are going to church. (Point to dolls representing people, don't move yet.) People are going to the temple every day to worship God and to give gifts of money for His work, which they drop in this chest. (Point to chest.) Here sits Jesus (point to Jesus doll), watching the people as they come in. Some of the folks are rich and wear beautiful clothes, but some are very poor. Now they are coming (move dolls from one of the house, not from No. 3), and they drop their money in the chest. (Point to chest.) These folks are giving a large sum of money because they are rich. And what do you suppose they do? Why, they hold the money up high so that when they drop it it will make a big noise. Then they move on into the temple to worship. (Move these dolls inside.) But here comes another family. (Move dolls from another house, not No. 3.) Let us watch them and see what they do.

Just look, they drop the money in so carefully that no one can tell whether it was much or little. Then they also go inside to worship. (Move them inside.) Now here are two more families that are coming to the temple. (Move dolls from two other houses but leave those in house No. 3 to the last, not moving them yet.) One of these families gives something for the chest, but puts it in very quietly, but the other makes a big noise again. That is just like the first family we saw, isn't it? But they go in to worship just the same. (Move both families inside.) Now why do you suppose these folks like to make so much noise? They must want to show off, to call attention to the fact that they are giving enough to make a note of. That is what we call being proud. But it isn't nice to be proud. Proud folks don't seem to know it, but when they show off as these people did with their gifts, after that everybody talks about them in a way they wouldn't like if they heard it. Other folks say every time they see these

proud folks: "Oh, yes, they are the proud folks. You ought to have seen them show off up at the temple. Why, then whey dropped their money you could hear it bang for a mile. They think pretty well of themselves. Ha, ha!" We would not like to have anybody talk like that about us, would we? Well, we mustn't be proud or act as if we wanted to show off, then.

Now, over here in this house (point to No. 3) there lives a poor woman, who is a widow. She has no husband to help her support their little child. She has very little money, but she is coming to the temple. You see the temple isn't made for rich folks, it's for everybody, because it's God's house, and we are all God's children. (Move dolls, mother and child, from No. 3 to temple.) Here they come to the temple. Now, who is it that is watching the people come in? Yes, Jesus. And now he is watching this poor woman as she comes up and very quietly drops in two very, very small coins, just two of them, and both wouldn't make as much as one of our pennies. It wasn't very much to give, was it?

These two little coins were called "mites," and whenever you hear anybody speak of the widow's mite, you will know they are speaking of this poor woman who gave these two small pieces at the temple. It was a very little gift compared with those people who gave largely and made such a noise about it. But you see there was this difference, they gave a small portion of what they had, for they were rich, but this poor woman gave all she had, for she was poor. Now this money in the chest was to be used to make other people happy, and this woman wanted to make other people happy, so she gave just all she had. That was mighty fine of her, wasn't it? Well, that was what Jesus thought, for he said to his disciples, "Look, this poor woman, with her two mites, has given more than the rich folks that made so much noise."

We can't all give large amounts of money, but we can give something for the work of God's kingdom, even if it is only a small gift. And when God has given such wonderful gifts to us, we ought not only to say "Thank you" to Him, but we ought to give what we can to help His work in making other folks happy. That is what we bring our pennies to Sunday school for, and why we give them here. These are our gifts to God. And even if we don't have much to give we can bring what we have and give it with a smile, and it will give help and sunshine to some of the rest of God's children. And it will show that we really do thank God for what He has given us.

Note. Other comparisons between rich and poor in things where pride shows, as of dress, and haughty manner, of the kind of playthings, and of food, may be made as teacher adds own work. Others also can be added of ways of giving what one has, or can give, as smiles and cheer.

The Papers of John Pererin

XIV The Colony of Heaven

WHEN Alaric and his Goths sacked Rome in A. D. 406, St. Augustine sat down to write his great work on the City of God. He saw how the earthly city had been laid in the dust; and he comforted his fellow-Christians by saying that their true city was eternal in the heavens, high above the vexing vicissitudes of history. Here, said he, we are but pilgrims on our way home; and the Church on earth is the "pilgrim city of God." Here we have no continuing city, we are wayfarers and travelers.

But this was not St. Paul's view. "We are," said he to the Philippians, "a colony of heaven"—which is Dr. Moffatt's happy rendering of the words usually translated "our citizenship is in heaven." The city of Philippi had been founded as a Roman colony. Wheresoever the Romans had added new territory to the empire, they created there a settlement of veterans whose business it was to assimilate the new territory and to make the city-colony as much as possible a counterpart of the Imperial City itself. Their city was to be a sort of distant suburb of Rome, where all the Roman customs would be observed and the traditions and rites duly honored. The colonists were to regard themselves as missionaries of the empire, apostles of the imperial culture.

That, says St. Paul, is what we Christians are, only we have a fairer and a nobler empire. We are a colony of heaven, a little company of men and women settled in this world to assimilate it to the Kingdom of Heaven. Just as Philippi is there to Romanize Macedonia, so you are in Philippi to Christianize Philippi and Macedonia and the whole empire and win them into the Empire of Christ.

We are pilgrims, says St. Augustine; we are settlers says St. Paul. We are sojourners, says the one; we are colonists, says the other. Which of the two is right? The answer surely is that both are right.

* *

Matthew Arnold used to inveigh against the temper that he called "other worldliness." It is the sort of religion that says with melodious resignation, "I'm but a stranger here," or

> "O Land of Rest, for thee I sigh!
> When will the moment come,
> When I shall lay my armor by
> And rest in peace at home?"

There are people indeed who have every right thus to feel and to sing about this world; there are probably times in the life of most people when expressions of this kind are natural and legitimate. Yet for normal folk in normal times, it is an attitude essentially unhealthy. There is something wrong with folk who can see with perfect clearness and sing with a sort of ecstasy about the pearly gates and the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and can not see the dirty and mean streets of their own home town and do nothing to have them cleaned and brightened up. I imagine that there is not going to be much New Jerusalem at the end for those people, however pious, who have not done their part in making New York and Boston here and now a little more like the distant city of their hopes.

Yet the tendency to eliminate from our scheme of life the vision of fulness and wholeness of life in the hereafter makes for poverty. Some of us—and I

count myself among these—have hitherto found life so full of joy and good that we are perhaps a little slow to sympathize with those whose experience of life has been of a sort to make them long for an escape from it. But even we the fortunate ones can not look upon the spectacle of human pain and misfortune without demanding within ourselves that there shall be some provision for redressing the balance of life. An English journalist once on a visit to Ireland asked a bowed old peasant what he most longed to see; and the old man grimly answered, "The Day of Judgment, sir." I think I can understand that feeling; and I can understand the feeling of those who, wearied by the burden of life, and worn by its labors, look expectantly for the day when they shall enter upon rest. Moreover, those who labor to build Jerusalem in this life know that the work is inconceivably slow, and suffers arrests and setbacks all the time, and at the end they will have to say with Cecil Rhodes—though in a nobler cause—"So little done, so much to do." It is not easy to escape despair and heartbreak if one may not be sustained through the years of travail by the promise of rest and realized and completed life. Life is short, and art is long, says the old word; and the supreme art—the art of recreating a world—is slow and long beyond words. It is well for us to remember that, though we may do no more than lay a stone or two in the masonry of the City of our dreams, we have a personal destiny yet to be achieved, fullness and wholesomeness of life awaiting us in the New Jerusalem beyond the veil, away from the broken and partial life of time, with its despairs and sorrows, where there is no more death or crying, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Yet let us ever remember that it is not impossible to live in these two worlds at the same time. Some are able to do it. William Blake and Francis Thompson did it. I once met George Russell, the Irish poet. He is the man who, with Sir Horace Plunkett, is chiefly responsible for the present economic prosperity of rural Ireland, the great advocate of co-operative farming. Yet when I talked to this man, it was of this inner world beyond the world of sense that he spoke, in which he lived familiarly and saw things that could scarcely be uttered. And I think it is possible to live in the New Jersualem of the Spirit what time we are building the New Jerusalem of human society. After all, the veil is very thin; and the best life of all is to live on that frontier line where we can see gleams of a light that never was on land or sea, where we can hear snatches of the songs of heaven, and to dwell so near the Unseen that we may sense something here and now of those things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, which have not entered into the heart of man, but which God hath prepared for them that love Him. And it is just those who live closest to this hidden New Jerusalem who will labor best for the building of that New Jerusalem which is to be here in this earth, the wide and hallowed home of man.

Father, in Earth and in Heaven, who hast made us at the same time pilgrims and colonists, give us to share the labor by which Thy Kingdom shall come and Thy Will be done, on earth as in heaven. Hold before our eyes the lovely form of the City to which we belong; and keep us ever mindful that we gain the Eeternal City only as we seek to redeem this world of time from sin and misery and to give it the likeness of the City that hath the foundations, eternal in the heavens. Amen.

Community Social Service

Prof. Garland A. Bricker

SOCIAL service means to do something—physically, intellectually, spiritually, socially—for the people of a community in the aggregate. Service implies leadership. There must be initiative and activity, else there will be little social service.

"Social Center" has become a threadbare phrase. Not only is it worn out, but it gives rise to a confusion of ideas. It is the means of misleading many well-meaning people. "Social center" ought to stand, as doubtless originally intended, as a social idea instead of a community object. The latter significance is the one now popularly attached to the term by objectively thinking people.

So far has this error been carried that I have seen beautifully illustrated sketches of crossroads, with the rural schoolhouse, the country church building, and the grange hall, with a residence or two, ideally distributed about the four corners, with a perfect balance of playgrounds, walks, shrubbery, and shade trees, and the whole lay-out labeled, "Social Center."

Some sincere people have even maintained that the schoolhouse alone should form the "social center" of a community, and that this building should be located at the geographical center of a township, or at the exact intersection of four townships. One might assume that the whole county ought to be reorganized by relocating a definite number of schoolhouses and then building all the residences of the country around these centers in concentration circles.

Some country people have felt that the absence of a schoolhouse at the center of their particular township, or community, would require that one should be so located before they could undertake a "social center" program; and, because they felt such an expense unjustifiable, they have very properly decided not to go to the expense of adopting the fad of mere theorists.

Efficiency in contributing to the social welfare of a rural community does not necessarily require a "center." It may be a desirable object—and then, it may not be. A half dozen centers might be made use of —in fact, each home in a country community, or of a valley, or of a township, might well become the social center for the whole countryside for just one evening or for one day in the year. The idea ought to have retained its socialized meaning instead of becoming objectified, as is now too often the case. In order to get back to the original, fundamental idea, I suggest the new term, "Community social service."

In the light of this explanation of social service, many things ought to suggest themselves to the community leader whereby he may project his social

work and leadership into the community. As a preparation to render a greater social service in the rural community where they are employed, the following things are named for rural social leaders to do:

1. Get acquainted with every individual in the community and learn the name of each, and as much about the mode of life of each person as possible.

2. Visit each home of the community at least once during the year.

3. Attend every public meeting of the community possible.

4. Get well acquainted with the rural teachers and preachers, Sunday school superintendents, and other officers of all the religious organizations, lodges, grange, or associations located in the community, or which exert an influence there.

5. Offer your services as a teacher in the local rural Sunday school, and offer to give a talk at school on some phase of your work that you know most about.

6. Find out who are the best farmers in the community, and something about the farms and the local farming practises.

7. Find out what the people are reading in their homes—books, magazines, and newspapers.

8. Are there any improvements that you can accomplish for the community school, as beautifying the inside of the building or the school grounds? If so, get the co-operation of the teachers, the children, and the patrons, and begin the good work at once.

9. Probably the local church building needs a coat of paint, a new roof, or perhaps the minister needs some parishioner to undertake the direction of a survey of the community in the interest of the church. Here is a chance to help.

10. Through your initiative and influence some old hard feeling between neighbors or a community feud may be abolished by having some sort of an understanding arrived at. Try it.

Every community should have a social program, not alone in the broadest sense of the word, but in its restricted sense, of affording a means for social intercourse by way of a "good time"—entertainment, recreation, play, fun. There needs to be "something doing" throughout the year, and these times of jollity should be more or less evenly distributed in point of time. Too often they come in bunches, as at the holiday season, for example. While that is especially a time to be happy, yet too often the mistake is made in having a large percentage of the community entertainments and parties during those weeks. The play spirit is ever present in young people, and plans should be made in each community for its healthful expression throughout the year. Unless this is done, the overflow of youthful exuberance may be expected to find expression without plan or ideals and with harmful reaction.

When the winter months have come, much of the play life will be indoors. Parties will soon be in season. Nothing is finer in the social life of the country than the "party," when the young people of the whole countryside are invited to a farm home for an evening of social enjoyment. The social life of the country should be under the patronage of the home, the solicitous care of the paternal roof, and the restraint of the maternal influence. No rural house should be too handsomely furnished for the use of the young people there and their friends; nor should any be so poorly furnished as to make it a source of reflection to the children who call it home.

Social life needs guidance. To this end it is suggested that each community arrange for a social committee, chosen from among the young people of the community, whose duty it shall be to plan a program for the social events of the community throughout the winter. This committee should arrange the time, the place, and the events for each occasion. To avoid interference with other community events, this committee should confer with representatives from the school, the church, the grange, and the other social organizations of the community, all of which should have representation on the main committee. If possible, the program should be printed for general distribution. Additional events may then be held at other times than those scheduled in the general community program of social occasions.

Your community may need any of these social services; if so, you should be able to assume leadership in initiating and guiding them:

1. A rural reading club.
2. A boys' and girls' club.
3. An extension school.
4. A debating league.
5. A moonlight school.
6. A library.
7. A lyceum course.
8. A cottage prayer meeting plan.
9. A Sunday school.
10. A progressive system of parties.

Then, the final test of duty in service is to do something—to do something! The young or new leader is cautioned against undertaking too much. He or she should not try to do everything that appeals to him at first. One definite thing should be planned by way of serving the community during the present or the coming year. There is at least one social service that he can perform, and for which the community is ready. I can not tell him what it is; probably no one else can. Even if some one could tell him, the information would do little good. The thing that needs to be done is for the leader himself to discover and, having discovered it, it is for him to accomplish. In justice to his community, he should not aspire to community leadership, until he has at least discovered the one social service that is required.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Feeling of Possession

I RODE upon a Train. And I wakened in the morning and found myself Refreshed. And I Spake unto the Porter, and said unto him, How dost thou feel this fine morning? And he answered me saying—

Ah feels lack a man dat's got money. No sah, Ah don't have no money—leastwise not much. Ah jis nachally feels lack ah has it. Ah could have money ef ah didn't have to eat and to wah clothes; but ef ah didn't have to do dem things, money wouldn't be no good nohow. So ah don't feel bad about wahin' de clothes and eatin' de food, but on de contrary ah kinder

enjoys it. An' dat's de way de money goes, an' hit kin go. Dey gits de money away from me for de food and de clothes, but dey kaint take away de feelin'. I still has dat. No sah, hit ain't necessary fo a man to have money to have de feelin' of havin' it: and hit ain't necessary for a man to have de feelin' when he has de cash. A man mout have de money and feel pore, and den he shore would be pore, an' for dat feelin' of bein' pore dey ain't no remedy. But on de contrary a man mout have de feelin' of bein' rich when he didn't have no money, and den he would be rich widdout it, and even de gettin' of money couldn't make dat man pore. Hit's a fine mawnin', and de train is on time, an' my gal lives at dis end of de line and I'se happy.

And I spake unto him saying, No poverty of worldly goods can ever make thee poor; for thou art a philosopher. And behold, no wealth can spoil thee. Therefore shalt thou have wealth. For I had intended to give unto thee the fourth part of a shekel; but thou art a wise man, and I will give thee twice as much. For unto a man who hath wealth within his soul, unto him should wealth be entrusted.

And I also am of those who feel as if they had money.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

JANUARY 8—ELIJAH THE TISHBITE

The Man of Mystery

It will interest and exhilarate every student of the Bible to pass in review the men of mystery.

The *first* man had to be explained. His origin was a foundation for thinking without which men could not well proceed to think. It is amazing to us how much of biological, physiological and historical truth found expression in that explanation.

Enoch, Melchizedek and the Wise Men from the East who came to honor the infant Jesus do not play sufficient part in the unfolding story to demand explanation. They remain rich sources for the mystifiers and for the picture makers.

Abraham, Jacob, Moses and David getting their inspirations in isolation from their home environment are suggestive of Elijah and John the Baptist, who are men of the wilderness coming to the people out of the silences and expanses of the desert. Jesus found his axis and his compass in the wilderness and Paul probably did the same thing.

Job, Jonah and Daniel have been eliminated as mystery men by being listed as characters in fiction like the many individuals portrayed by Jesus in his parables.

It is also worth while to study the founders of the great non-Christian religions in this same setting.

Elijah came into the arena from the wilderness. He declared his message to the king. He who was accustomed to the great horizons of the plains, to the glories of sunrise and of sunset, to the majesties and infinites of the skies, had no fear of tinseled kings.

It will interest all students to contrast this man who came from the wilderness, declared himself to Ahab and disappeared again to the wilderness, with Paul, whose life in the cities we have just studied. One lived not among men to join them in their daily jostle as they struggled for the great High, White Way. The other never ceased to appear in the markets, the theaters, the synagogues, where men were meeting reality and trying to find their adjustment.

The Prophet in Politics

There is a very general conviction that prophets should not declare their convictions on governmental issues. The reason they should not do so is that their congregations are doubtless divided upon the questions debated, and the prophets would surely offend some and thus make the work of the religious organization more difficult.

All of this is the result of congregations and employed ministers. These arrangements have their advantages and probably should not be disturbed. But any order that tends to prohibit the prophet from free declaration upon moral issues should be reconstructed to the extent of releasing intelligent conviction and giving it expression in commanding speech.

The prophet must be free. He must speak in politics. He functioned in the great issues of slavery and liquor. Did he function so well in the issues created by men refusing to kill other men in the world war and in the great isuses since then?

No man should ask his minister to spare him. No man should permit his minister to soften his speech on his account if he is aware of such being done. The layman should be ready to have his minister attack every problem and opinion and issue bearing upon life, provided only that the minister is intelligent on that subject. The minister should arrange for a hearing upon his opinions also.

The teacher and the preacher, both idealists, should and must be free. This world is not likely to hear too much of the great ideals and it is not likely to be swept from its economic moorings by any preaching however clever it may be.

What has been our profit from Moses before Pharaoh, Elijah before Ahab, Nathan before David, John the Baptist before Herod, Paul before Agrippa and Nero, Jesus before Pilate?

Protestants must never forget Luther and Huss and Knox. Liberals must never forget Channing and Ballou and Emerson.

The roll of the prophets must never be closed. Elijah did well to stand before Ahab, not as a weak transparency, but as a burnished mirror to reflect the white light of great convictions.

The Ravens, the Brook and the Widow

The prophet had declared himself. He was a wilderness prophet and not an urban prophet. He sought the solitudes of the hills and plains rather than a room with private bath in a fine hotel. He knew where the ravens carried their prey and fed. There was enough there for them and for him. There was a brook there. It was a good place for retirement.

It is not strange that the bird, the beast and the sojourning man all choose the most advantageous locations for their headquarters. This is just common sense, the sense common to all who have any faculties for choosing.

The ravens brought their food. The brook ran its course. All went well until the brook dried up. Elijah's drought was on. The writer of the record suggests, as custom was, that God sent the ravens with the food especially for the prophet, but is silent as to God's overlooking the stream's drying up. Drink was as essential as food.

The drought that dried up the rivers of revenue for Ahab dried up the brook for Elijah and the ravens. Not only did Elijah have to change, but the ravens with their prey had also to change.

Elijah moved over to Zarephath where a widow and her son took him in. Elijah promised to become the bread-winner if they would house him. He was a providence to them, for their supplies were at an end, and they were a providence to him, for he was without a home.

Confidence and Life

Elijah and every man that lives the natural life early learned that life is in the plan of the world. Wherever a man may go he will find provision for life. He needs only some ingenuity, some adaptation and some industry. Only the man who has been robbed of his natural qualifications by living the unnatural life amid artificial conditions is at a loss to find life wherever his duty calls him.

Life and health and happiness and success are in the world as light is in the sun. It is an inspiration to study what Jesus said to those who came to him for healing.

Confidence is a natural quality of man and is the wire that connects him with the dynamo. Fear is a disease. The healthy man has a right to believe in his own forces, in the beneficence of the world and in the love of the Spirit-parent.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

THINK—FEEL—KNOW

If you think success—success has begun;
If you think you can win, your battle is won!
Whatever you need you can have, you'll find:
It's all in the way you set your mind.

If you feel that your part in the world is small,
You may never achieve your work at all;
But feel that your life of God's life is a part—
Then you'll work in the way you have set your heart.

If you know you are great, you will do great things;
Your thoughts will soar on eagle's wings;
Your life will reach its destined goal,
If you know the way to set your soul.

Katherine Wilder Ruggles.

AMERICANIZING TONY GOLDINI

MISS HOWARD had always been interested in Tony since he told her one day all about the Roman Coliseum, whose picture hung over his desk. He seldom played with the boys and his expression was too sober for one so young. One afternoon she followed him home. When he was almost there he turned to find her at his side, smiling down into his frightened face. He looked so startled that she took his thin, brown hand in her own, saying: "I thought I would like to tell your mother how very fast you are learning all your lessons.'

"*La mia madre* she is not at the *casa*," he stammered, mixing his Italian and English. Then Miss Howard asked: "Have you brothers or sisters?"

"One sister—two *fratelli*." What if the teacher went into their cabin and they disgraced him, these little ones? Sure enough, the moment that door was opened both small boys swarmed all over him, feeling in his pockets and whimpering because they were quite empty. Poor little Maria! She only curtesied, saying, softly, "Scusa dem, my ladee—day naughty because not so mooch dinner, perhap."

When Tony saw his beloved and beautiful teacher glance solemnly about that dingy room and at the children—when Maria spoke of *food* (he had not brought any that noon)—he tried to speak, but instead he broke into sobs that shook his slight body as if with a hard chill. Just as quickly Miss Howard put both her arms around him saying: "My dear Tony, I know all about children and how they get hungry when the mother is not with them. Now you tell these little ones that we'll have a lot of nice things here in a few minutes."

Then, almost as soon as Tony could dry his eyes and wonder why he had not been questioned about those lunch boxes, that teacher was out of the cabin. In about ten minutes she was back again and with her came a big basket. Out of that came large soft rolls, little sausages, cold meat, sugar-covered buns, animal crackers and a tall bottle of milk. Such satisfying good things for hungry little mouths and sharp white teeth! Just as quickly as was possible then everybody sat down on the bed or the floor, even on the cold, cold stove hearth, so that the teacher might have the one reliable chair. Clean papers from the basket did for plates, and what a grand feast that was! Miss Howard amused them all, talking so much that she had not time for more than a roll. She beamed on the *bambino* and helped him so bountifully that he never once lisped "*ancora*." In fact, after a time, it seemed to her that she could see him, as Dickens said of another, "visibly swell."

When she was certain that every little Goldini was perfectly satisfied she asked Tony to take a walk with her. Very soon after they started Tony was telling her all about his old home in Rome and how his father crossed the ocean in order to do better for them. She heard how that dear father died—how Tony promised him to care for the little ones—how his mother worked all day and often cried at night. Tony had no idea at that time that his teacher knew about those lunch boxes, but because she seemed so kind, so quick to understand everything, the whole story came out. He did not want to be a thief, but when the *poverino* whimpered so pitifully, "*pane*, little bit of *pane*, Tony," where could he get it for him? At that the boy choked and had to stop talking. Miss Howard meant to comfort and to help Tony then, but she never realized how wonderful her words seemed to him. He expected to be scolded for stealing that food, but she did not even ask him to promise not to do such a thing again. She seemed to believe that he would not. Instead she showed him how he could grow up to become a fine, loyal American citizen and at the same time a helpful son and brother. She suspected that Tony knew the school children would find him out and he dreaded their scorn. She intimated that they would be hard on him, if they thought he was simply greedy. But if they guessed his home troubles it would make a difference. Fine American boys hated anything underhanded or dishonest, but they were not unkind or cruel.

Miss Howard made several other calls that same afternoon. She visited the families of those boys whose lunch boxes had been tampered with. She did not see the boys—only the kind-hearted mothers of hearty, well-fed youngsters. She told them of the inmates of that little old cabin by the railroad, and, as she expected, plenty of work could be found for Lucia, work she could do for good wages and which would allow her time to care for the children.

The following day was Friday, and, according to a well established custom, Miss Howard gave a half-hour talk before dismissing school. Sometimes it would be about the war or a new book or some art work. This afternoon she told what Americanization meant. Before she finished her talk she sent Tony on an errand and then went on to explain how poor and how ignorant of life here at its best are most of the immigrants who come to America. She said it was a duty, and ought to be a pleasure in many cases, to show these

strangers how to better their condition, how to honor our laws and to love this country, because here they could find help, education and a right kind of freedom. Patriotic men and women all over the land were doing this and boys and girls could help in various ways.

Next she told them a story about a family from Italy, a pretty young mother, a kind father and happy children, who in Rome had lived near beautiful old ruins, in a comfortable home. They loved the famous city with its sunshine, its beautiful buildings and churches full of glorious paintings. But the father had heard that America was a better land for people who were not rich and who wished their children to prosper; so he brought the family to America. Then, with no hint that she was telling Tony's story, she told about the father's death and of the grief of the mother, who could not get work among strangers. She surprised the pupils by saying she herself had been, only the day before, to their cold old cabin. She described the politeness of little Maria, shivering in her thin clothes, and almost she made them see the dark-eyed brothers, especially that cunning baby boy sobbing for something to eat.

By that time tears began to run down some of the school girls' faces and the boys blew their noses in a casual, off-hand manner. The next moment such a queer startled expression appeared on every face when Miss Howard said that *every one of them* had seen the oldest boy in that family—the boy who had promised his dying father to be good to his little brothers, and who, in order to do that, had taken food from *their* lunch boxes when the little ones cried with hunger. She said he had told her all about that yesterday. He was sorry and ashamed. He dreaded their disgust. Nobody dropped any pin to see if it could be heard in the silence. But it would not have been, for in a minute, the girls were winking and sniffing—and the boys all had bad coughs.

School was dismissed. Most of the pupils bade Miss Howard good- ight. Howard Wells forgot to do it. But, as he passed her desk, she saw his face. She said to herself: "There will be something doing tomorrow, but not, I think, as by schedule."

What did take place in the woods the next afternoon was a picnic to which Miss Howard and all of the girls were invited by the boys. It took much persuasion to get Tony there, but Howard Wells did it in some boyish way, and there was a feast of every good thing one could imagine. When all was over and Tony hardly knew whether he was in heaven or on earth, because every one was so kind to him, Miss Howard went part way home with him. There was such an amount of cake and bread and nice meat left that must not be wasted, so she had gathered it all in one big basket. When almost home Tony learned that it was for the *bambino*—and the others.

By the time the apple trees were in bloom Lucia and Tony thought that Americans were the kindest people on earth and their country as beautiful as Italy. The mother then had clean rooms, decent furniture, good food and work that left her time to care for her children. Tony loved school. He almost adored Miss Howard, but, of all the boys, Howard Wells was his hero—the American boy after whom he patterned his life then and for years to come.—*Christian Work.*

A QUESTION

I thought that foreign children
  Lived far across the sea,
Until I got a letter
  From a boy in Italy.
"Dear little foreign friend," it said,
  As plainly as could be;
Now I wonder which *is* "foreign,"
  That other boy, or me?

Ethel Blair Jordan, in Junior Red Cross News.

* * *

AMERICAN NOVELISTS

Two cats recently disturbed the midnight calm of Don Marquis, when he was trying to compose something for his column in the *Sun.* One of them, he said, was not an earthly cat at all, but had come from the nether pit at midnight, and had to go back at 2 a. m., and knew it, and determined to make all the trouble he could while he was on earth. This cat engaged in a duet with a common, back-fence cat, imparting to the latter the secrets of his prisonhouse. Sang the earth-cat: "Is there no hope, pussy?" And the hell-cat replied: "None, none; all is woe, woe, woe!"

Now, I think that these were not cats at all. They were modern American novelists of the passionately youthful, pessimistic school. Theirs was what the blurb writers call "the cry of American youth;" this was "looking facts in the face;" this was seeing life clear and seeing it whole; et cetera, et cetera. And it is this little fact that makes so many of the new novels almost as engaging as a night with a body-snatcher. You look about for a novel as a Christmas gift, something about American life, you think will do. Ah, here is the book—a family in which father is a swindler, mother a shrew, brother an embezzler, and sister a lying snob. Or a novel about marriage—and you read of six married pairs, twelve people, whose characters vary from merely detestable down to loathsome. Oh, the War, you think, and a tale of mingled devotion and sacrifice, suffering and honorable deeds. Here we have the very thing, sir, all about the A. E. F., the private soldiers were all cowards, the lieutenants were cannibals, and the field officers addicted to lycanthropy in its more exaggerated forms. So you learn where Senator Watson got his notion of hanging men as an amusement before breakfast in the American army.—*Edmund Lester Pearson, in Independent.*

* * *

HE SAW IT THROUGH

The teacher dictates the history test to her pupils and they write down what they hear and proceed to deal with the subjects as intelligently as the situation permits. A recent test dictated in this fashion, on the lower East Side of New York, came out on one pupil's paper in the following scarcely intelligible form:

Tell about:
The battle of Fair Doon.
In Fasion of Belgium.
German atropsies.
Masker in America.
Russian entrence Apolan.
Assnation, restration, indeminities.
Altimatum.
Russian entrence into nothern perusia.
The Elias would broke up, if they made peace sepretly.

Survey.

* * *

He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy bells ring in Heaven's street
He who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come.

Hetty L. Sorden.

* * *

A home to which the children's thoughts go back like carrier pigeons released from the cage is about the biggest thing that a man or woman can make on earth.—*Congregationalist.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Sundays in College Chapels Since the War. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. $1.75.

It was supposed that the series of addresses made in a college chapel, comprising mornings, afternoons and evenings, had ended with the fourth volume. But after the war many calls for addresses came, resulting in "one more attempt to interpret the motives and aims of the spiritual life to the young people who frequent college chapels."

"What a chance, then, is offered to the Christian Church—and perhaps it is its last chance!—to take this rising tide of human susceptibility at its flood and set it to lift the life of the world, which has been stranded on the shoals of faithlessness, and bid it launch out with a new confidence into the deep!"

The Romance of Business. By W. Cameron Forbes. Illustrated. $1.65.

This book was written at the request of the editors of the *Open Road*, and Mr. Forbes brought to the congenial task his wide knowledge of American business with the co-operation of experts in their particular fields. The chapter-heads are: What it really is: As we encounter it at the Breakfast-Table: The Story of Textiles: The Story of Steel: The Story of Transportation; The Story of Electricity: the Story of Finance and Banking: Capital and Labor; The Power of Thrift.

"A great many persons to-day do not seem to understand the fundamental nature of business, particularly big business . . . and a few words of definition and explanation may prove to be useful—especially to the young men who are making or will soon make their start. . . .

"Business is really service. One who devotes himself to legitimate business devotes himself to the service of mankind: and if the business is done properly it must naturally follow that the bigger the business, the greater the service."

The Black Moth. By Georgette Heyer. $1.90.

As we read this "costume romance" of the time of Henry Esmond, of the Pump Room at Bath, of powdered wigs and crinolines, and of journeys by coach, always with the possibility of encountering robbers, the text makes pictures for us.

Lord John Carstares and the Honorable Richard, his younger brother, return from a card party with Jack bearing the disguise of Richard's cheating. Jack rides away and becomes a highwayman, under the nom of Sir Anthony Ferndale, with headquarters at the Chequers Inn, Fallowfield. Richard meanwhile marries Lady Lavinia, whom they both love, and reigns at Wyncham even after the death of the Earl.

Jack is fortunate enough to twice rescue a lovely lady from the clutches of the Black Moth, and the result is a foregone conclusion. Richard confesses his guilt, and the new Earl and his bride return to Wyncham; and Lavinia writes that "the home-coming was prodigious exciting."

The Scottish Chiefs. By Jane Porter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Illustrated. $3.50.

"After the lapse of over a century, for readers first wept over its tragedies in 1809, it remains a masterpiece to be enjoyed by each succeeding generation."

The editors have done little save to remove some of the superfluous padding—we moderns have neither the time nor the patience of our forebears—and N. C. Wyeth has made glorious colored pictures, so that the book will be a treasure, to be loved even more than "the old red copy" that has given so much pleasure to parents who once were children.

Trouble-the-House. By Kate Jordan. $1.90.

Susy Gilvarry is a feminine Penrod with such a talent for getting into scrapes that she is dubbed Trouble-the-House, which she hates fiercely, but is "crazy about" Bob's name for her—Old Sport.

She fears lockjaw, centipedes, and the Judgment Day, over which she works herself to such a pitch that illness follows: she tries to be the twin of her sister Genevieve with disastrous results: she borrows a baby and lands in a police-station: she unties a calf and attempts to take a Mary-and-her-little-lamb stroll with him: she rescues a poor gray horse with bleeding sores from a vicious driver with a whip, and is thanked by the officers of the law: and she tells such tales that her teacher says "Either she will one day write fiction or she is one of those natural liars to whom truth is unattractive." Fiction it proves to be, and she and Genevieve journey happily through many lands, meeting Romance as they wander.

The Young Enchanted. By Hugh Walpole. $2.00.

The Young Enchanted are Henry and Millicent Trenchard, brother and sister, and Peter Westcott, our old friend—dreamers all, and standing at the time when "there's a new city to be built, all the pieces of the old one lying around to teach you lessons."

Henry is helping Sir Charles Duncombe edit his grandfather's letters, and Millicent is secretary to Victoria Platt, whose letters and affairs are in hopeless confusion because she has suddenly become old and lost her bearings.

Millicent has a love affair with Bobby Baxter, which is broken off: Peter's wife reappears, and Henry rescues from captivity a young Danish girl whom he sees in Picadilly Circus and impulsively follows: and in the end happiness and prosperity are portioned out.

Rich Relatives. By Compton Mackenzie. $2.00.

Jasmine Grant, left a penniless orphan by her father's death, has an assortment of rich relatives calculated to make the stoutest heart quail!

Sir Hector Grant, to whose house she first goes, is a chilly, pompous doctor, his wife is equally chilly and insincere, and the two girls, Lettice and Pamela, think only of their prospects: Eneas Grant lives for the pleasures of the table, and his spouse changes her religion and adopts a baby with a "highly colored mosaic of names:" Uncle Matthew Rounciwell cares for nothing but money: Uncle Arnold Grant and Aunt Ellen lavish all on their six boys: and Colonel Alexander Grant and his Willoughby wife think of social advancement and are devoted to a mad prince.

Jasmine feels like a fly lost in an inkpot: but at an unexpected moment "the first disinterested and kindly action of Uncle Matthew since his wife's death" turns the scale, and Jasmine wins both independence and happiness.

The Seven Ages of Man. By Ralph Bergengren. $1.25.

The seven whimsical papers are labeled Baby, Baby: To Be a Boy: On Meeting the Beloved: This is a Father: On Being a Landlord: Old Flies and Old Men; The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man.

Perhaps the landlord age is uppermost in the author's mind, the housing problem being the vexing puzzles for us all just now, whichever side of the fence we are on. It ends sadly—"Not long ago I felt compelled to raise the rent of fourteen married women and one (so far as I know) unmarried Chinaman. And then, overcome by conscience, I sat down and figured out a just rent. And when I had finished I came upon a distressing discovery. I had raised the rent of neither Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cawkins, Mrs. Trolley, Mrs. Karson, Mrs. LeMaire, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Carrot, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Ranee, Mrs. Button nor Charlie Wah Loo, anything like enough!"

Dorothy Dainty's Red Letter Days. By Amy Brooks. Picture jacket. Illustrated. $1.35.

Little girls from eight to twelve who have enjoyed reading the preceding Dorothy Dainty stories will enjoy equally well the account of her Red Letter Days. Strange to say, this little girl's Red Letter Days are not those which bring her some great pleasure, but days which bring happiness to other people.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

Dec. 31-Jan. 1. All New England Get-Together, Cambridge, Mass.

Jan. 1. Springfield, Mass.

Feb. 3. Metropolitan District Banquet, New York.

Feb. 5. Cornell Universalist Club. Ithaca, N. Y.

Feb. 11-12. Illinois State Rally. Peoria.

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AMONG THE AROOSTOOKRATS

For the first time I have had an opportunity to visit the northeast corner of the U. S. A. I feel like the old farmer in Washington state who said he wouldn't want to live in Boston because it was too far off. For, measured with a New England yardstick, Aroostook County is far away. But up in Aroostook they use a different standard of measurement. Psychologically it is not so far from Caribou to California as it is from Boston to Buffalo. The Aroostookrats, as they call themselves, think in big terms, because they have room in which to think, and live. And up here an Irish famine would be lost in no time, for on one day the village of Caribou shipped away four hundred car loads of potatoes. Of course they don't do that every day in the year, or even in the season, but it is suggestive of the bigness and fertility of this north country.

In Dexter and Bangor they spoke as if I were going to the end of the world; in Caribou they told me that the real North Country was still farther north. Like the conundrum about the longer life of married men, it seems like a long journey to Caribou. Actually it is only about two hundred miles from Bangor, but the Broadway Limited does not run this way. Indeed, they tell the story of one of America's great preachers who once made this trip and pronounced the railroads divinely built, and when asked to explain, he said that he had read that the Lord God made every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

If we could get into the consciousness of a snail and understand its processes I am quite sure we should find no impatience with his slow progress; it is all that he expects. So when I started from Bangor, I did not expect to reach Caribou for nearly eight hours, and I didn't, but exactly on time the train pulled in. It did not seem like a long and tedious journey because I did not expect to get there any earlier. And really there is nothing more tedious about traveling for eight hours at twenty-five miles an hour, than for the same length of time at fifty, for at the quicker rate one sees only half as much per mile. So the tedium of life, and the slow progress of humanity on its way to the Kingdom of God, would not weary and discourage us if we would only remember that the schedule arranged by the great Traffic Manager up above does not call for any earlier arrival, and if we try to go faster than He has arranged, we are likely to be wrecked, and not get there so soon.

Which philosophy does not imply that when some one puts an obstacle on the track in an effort to delay our progress, or when some one else throws a monkey-wrench into the machinery, we should sit back in our seats waiting until the monkey-wrench or other obstacle removes itself.

Like the long, slow journey to the Kingdom, the trip to Caribou is worth while, even though you pay nearly five cents a mile for it. When you arrive, you find yourself among God's finest folks; they call themselves Aroostookrats, but they are democrats, heart and soul, although one must be careful to spell democrat without the capital.

Caribou must be one of the best of parishes in which to work; they speak well of every minister they have ever had. When I go back to pastoral work, that is the kind of a parish I shall seek—for I should like to have people speak well of me after I am gone. In one like Caribou, I know it would be my own fault if they did not.

Caribou is a missionary-minded parish: its people have carried their faith with them as they have journeyed far. Years ago some went to Santa Paula, California, and the church there is an offshoot from this one in the North Country of New England. These Caribou travelers were different from many who go to California, who have no need for religion after their arrival there. These others believe the real estate agents who tell them they have reached Heaven, so naturally they feel no need of securing celestial transportation.

But this Universalist outpost, with the exception of Tacoma, Wash., our farthest north active church, has been a missionary in its own country, as well as in the far Pacific shore. Seventy-five miles southwest is Oakfield, a new town, where there was no church of any sort, until Arthur Blair, then in Caribou, came down and made a beginning. Others have helped and now for two years they have had a resident minister, Rev. Anna P. Bailey. No one, brought in blindfolded, would guess that he was in New England. Oakfield has many of the characteristics of a new town in the West.

Our church was the first in the community, but we were not long allowed undisputed possession of the field. A Baptist church some miles in the country was moved into town and now from its pulpit is sounded the warning that the time and times and half a time will end in 1925, and if we don't repent, we'll be sorry when the great day comes. It would be funny if it were not tragic.

Combining the isolation of South Georgia with the temperature—or lack of it—in Minnesota, has made me feel perfectly at home, but my brief sojourn among the Aroostookrats of Caribou and Oakfield has convinced me more than ever of our denominational duty to include not only in our statistics but within our practical fellowships those who have gone out for us to hold aloft the standard of our faith in the North or the South, in the West or the Far East.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Oakfield, Me., Dec. 19.

For the Quiet Hour

It is good to do little essential things with a hot heart, to tend small tasks with a fine zeal which makes the seemingly insignificant employment big and important. No event of life is trivial; no task, however humble, is beneath the dignity of the high soul.

Richard Wightman.

Life's tests reveal character. Not till winter comes do we know that the pine is an evergreen.

Wayside Pulpit.

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.

George Eliot.

"The log-book of Columbus bore again and again the entry: 'This day we sailed on.' That was all. Behind lay defeat; ahead lay hope; aboard ship seethed distrust and deceit. In the face of fear and suspicion and tradition itself, Columbus *sailed on.*"

The Christian religion covers the whole business of life. If it pulses through a man's heart it will overflow the barriers of ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism and sectarianism. It will confine itself to no special times or places or pious moods. We never have to strain after God if haply we find Him somewhere out in the universe. We can not escape Him if we would. Glad recognition of His participation in all our affairs and of our accountability to Him is the secret of a happy and productive Christian life, and the guiding principle for those who in every land today would seek to lead mankind forward.

Howard Bridgman.

Christianity has guided man in the use of the world by an uncompromising witness that religion—the things of another world, his relations with God, his duties of the inner and the higher life—must hold the first place in his heart and receive the first tribute in his efforts.

W. J. Knox Little.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 185 West Ninth Ave., Columbus, Ohio

THE ALABAMA W. U. M. A. CONVENTION

The Alabama Convention of Universalist women was called to order at 4 p. m. Nov. 19, with the president, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, presiding. After devotional services conducted by Mrs. Lyman Ward and prayer by Rev. C. E. Clark of Birmingham and Camp Hill, the minutes of the Convention of 1920 were read by Mrs. J. G. McGowin, secretary. The secretary's annual report showed a slight increase in membership in spite of the fact that two Circles did not report, as two new Circles had been organized in the state during the year. All but one of the Circles are doing mission study work.

The treasurer's report, by Mrs. Lyman Ward, showed $29 in the treasury and all dues and obligations paid.

For the departments Mrs. T. R. Miller, of Brewton, reported about seventy-five pieces of literature sent out in personal letters. For Home Missions, Mrs. C. E. Clark, chairman, reported about $104 pledged to the Birmingham church, of which about $80 had been paid.

The president's report showed that while there is not so much of accomplishment at this time, we have made a beginning by organizing our association more closely with the end in view of co-operating more effectively with the national body. Organizing and educating our women in the needs and aims of our mission work are the greatest needs at present.

The prayer for our missionaries was made by Mrs. Holden of Massachusetts, who is spending the winter with Mrs. Miller, at Brewton.

Plans for the future, as outlined by the Committee on Resolutions and Recommendations, provide for growth along several lines as follows: the appointment of a committee to draft a constitution, the same to be adopted at the next convention; the pledging of 50 cents per capita for the Birmingham church and the same amount for Japan; a contribution of 10 cents per capita to the W. N. M. A., toward the expense of the Bulletin; the stimulating of greater interest and efficiency through an officers' conference to be held during the year.

The president called attention to the fact that men are eligible to associate membership on the payment of $1 per year dues. Birmingham announced that they had just organized a new Mission Circle, too late to be included in the state report. The names of eight active members were read and they have three associate members, with a bright prospect of more of both shortly.

Mrs. Miller here reported some of the impressions and helps for mission work she received at the Detroit Convention and also said it was the finest Convention in its spirit she had ever attended.

Our new national president, Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, was present, and was called on at this time to talk to us along the lines of "The Women's Part in the Southern Work." She reviewed the various activities of the national association, touching especially upon our new undertaking, the Clara Barton Memorial, and the great need of the new kindergarten which is to be built to replace the Midori Kindergarten in Tokyo.

The report of the Nominating Committee presented the names of the old officers for re-election, as follows: President, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Montgomery; vice-president, Mrs. W. E. Foshee, Montgomery; secretary, Mrs. J. G. McGowin, Chapman; treasurer, Mrs. Lyman Ward, Camp Hill.

In closing we sang one verse of "Blest be the tie," led by Rev. Geo. A. Gay, of Chattanooga, who was "a very present help" with the music all through the Convention, and were dismissed with a benediction by Rev. C. E. Clark.

We feel much encouraged by the success of our Convention and go back to our homes with the will to do better and better work for our church and for missions.

Mrs. J. G. McGowin,
Secretary.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

A WORD FOR THE CATECHISM

Rev. James M. Albion, D. D., was one of the trustees of the General Convention most desirous of having a new catechism for use in our denomination. It is a pleasure now to have his word of approbation. He says: "Thank you for the catechism. It is excellent. I must see that it gets into use in one of our Bible school departments. It would greatly help in the grounding of our young people in the fundamentals of our faith.

* *

COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

We can not freely give till we have received, and we can not receive much if we do not ask or seek or knock. God can not give us much until we are ready to receive. The Quiet Hour offers the opportunity for the seeking. Are you a member of the Comrades of the Quiet Hour? Are you doing all in your power to enroll the teachers and officers of your school?

Beulah S. Cone.

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PLAIN TALKS TO PARENTS

In his "Enlightener," a wide-awake parish paper, Rev. U. S. Milburn, of Salem, Mass., speaks some clear and needed words to parents of Sunday school boys and girls.

"Do you realize how much is being done for your children by the officers and devoted teachers in the Sunday school? Do you thank these teachers? Do you invite them into your home as guests, to meet you socially, to discuss with you plans and problems for the religious culture of your children, and to have your children meet them in your home? These teachers are working hard, sometimes with discouragements, without pay, giving up social enjoyments, for the sake of your children. How much are you interested? How much do you do? Do you even do so much as to insist that the children attend every session of the school until it closes? And after the school closes are you interested enough to bring them to the morning church service with you?"

Those of us who are constantly urging that the chief Sunday school problem is not in the Sunday school at all, but in the home, welcome this vigorous message from a successful pastor.

* *

SPEEDING UP AT NORWICH

The attendance dial works well *where it is worked.* Here is an extract from a communication from Norwich, Conn.:

"The dial is received and in position. Thank you for attention. We commenced with 143 members; added ten, then four. Last Sunday we added two more.

E. A. Tracy.

* *

CO-OPERATION

Rev. Mary L. Hadley

As I write, I hear the low, musical hum of the machinery in one of our shoe factories, and I seem to find the undertone running something like this: "Each one does his part faithfully, accurately, perseveringly, and the whole work is turned out fit for inspection, ready for service." I find in it the suggestion that the same industry and faithfulness, the same co-operation and patience, will bring about as perfect and useful results in the more important work of the Sunday school and of the whole denomination.

* *

STILL AFTER MEMBERSHIP

The Detroit Convention definitely instructed the Executive Board to continue its membership campaign. We shall do it. We shall do it with renewed vigor. And we call upon every local school to exemplify "the perseverance of the saints." We have no right to neglect any possible scholar to whom we might give the saving truth.

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

Grand Rapids.—At the invitation of the national board of trustees, I went to Grand Rapids to study the local situation. The church, a beautiful brown stone building, valued at $100,000, is located at a prominent down-town corner. During the war the church fell into the hands of a group of extreme pacifists, and the society was considerably disorganized. But now, under the leadership of a loyal denominational pastor, the future of the church seems more certain. The three daily newspapers are in sympathy with the church, and are giving publicity to the present step in its reorganization. Two interviews with the Mid-West Superintendent appeared in the *Grand Rapids News*, favorable to the local church and to Universalism, which have helped the work along. * * **Rochester, Minn.**—This church is now at work under the leadership of the Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith, recently of North Dana, Mass., who comes for a period of service, and perhaps a permanent pastorate. The people rejoice in the good fortune of securing Mr. Smith, and he will find a loyal and delightful constituency in this wonderful city of the Mayo Clinic. * * **North Side, Chicago.**—Under the leadership of the Rev. Lucy Markley, who is resigning from the Stockton, Ill., church, a new preaching station on the North Side of this great city will be opened Jan. 1. The Illinois State Board is behind this enterprise, and a real success is anticipated. * * **Waterloo, Iowa.**—It was good to visit this city after I had not been there for nearly a year, and to see the progress that has been made under the pastorate of the Rev. Otto S. Raspe, since he came here last February. I spoke to seventy-five at the morning service, and to nearly fifty in the evening. There is a fine chapter of Comrades. The Clara Barton Guild has a membership of eighteen young ladies. Mrs. Raspe conducts a successful Bible Class for women. The Ladies' Aid Society is active and prosperous. Mr. Raspe is active in Y. M. C. A. work, in which he has made a place for himself in spite of a somewhat Orthodox element. * * **Cunot, Ind.**—The Rev. John R. Hand, who handles mail for "Uncle Sam" for a living, but who loves Universalism and loves to preach, has been hard at work in his spare hours, preaching at Cunot, where the church is fully aroused, and where Mr. Hand says they will soon need a "regular pastor." "The time is ripe to connect this work up with a circuit," he writes, and further states that he is ready to hand it over to another and go to work in some other place. Mr. Hand is a true missionary; we need more of his type. * * **La Crosse, Wis.**—The Rev. Nellie Mann Opdale, who began her pastorate in this city Sept. 1, the church having recently been reorganized, reports that the work is steadily progressing. On Sunday, Nov. 13, a Sunday school was organized which is already growing. On the last Sunday in November, Mrs. Opdale preached a sermon on Japan, and an offering was taken for the Japan Mission. * * Here's wishing every Universalist a happy new experience in the service of the Church and its Master during the coming year. I shall spend January in Indiana, holding services in Logansport, Galveston, and a two weeks' series of meetings in Anderson. All communications to me should be addressed to Western Headquarters, 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

Jan. 31. Public Meeting W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts, Universalist Church, Lawrence, 10 a. m.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Previously reported	4,696
Abington, Mass.	1
Boston, Mass., Grove Hall	2
Total	4,699

PERSONAL

Dr. Bisbee has moved from the Saragossa, and his address is now 144 N. E. Twenty-seventh St., Halcyon Heights, Miami, Florida.

The Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D., has been decorated, *Commemorative de la Grand Guerre*, by the French government for his services in the Army Zone, 1917-1918.

Indiana

Oaklandon.—Since the report at the State Convention of an average attendance at Sunday school of seventy-five to eight,y we have jumped to an average attendance of ninety and on two Sundays we had 100 and 115 respectively. We have moved into the basement of our new church. The upper part is not yet completed. Our annual Thanksgiving fair netted $300. A "stag" party given to the men of the community, Dec. 17, was a great success. The Y. P. C. U., organized four months ago, has a membership of thirty-seven. The growth of the Sunday school has come through the Y. P. C. U. There is no Junior Union yet, but we expect to have one soon. We are without a minister now, but hope to have one as soon as we can get the church completed. The Sunday school children sent ten dolls to Miss Kirk's kindergarten.

Maine

Norway and Paris.—Lewis L. Peck, Maine state president of the Comrades, spoke before the Norway and Paris chapter of Comrades, making a stirring appeal to the men of the church to join in the work of meeting Maine's quota of $1000 towards the erection of the new national church at Washington. New membership cards were signed as the result of his appeal and the enthusiasm was high.

New York

Troy.—Rev. George C. Boorn, pastor. At the annual meeting of the parish, Elmer E. Orlop, Mrs. C. H. Handley and Evelyn Prentiss were elected trustees for three years. Alexander Fairweather, treasurer, read his report, showing the net income of the church to be over thirty per cent more than any time in the past ten years. Mr. Boorn, who came to the church a year ago, has made great progress in the activities of the church, and his work will be much stronger the coming year, for he knows more fully the needs of the church and had a wider acquaintance with the people. The year 1922 will mark the centennial of the church, and during April appropriate services celebrating the event will be held.

Buffalo.—Rev. John Sayles, pastor. The year 1921 has been one of great activities with us. The annual bazar just held netted $1400. On Dec. 12, the John Murray Class bought out Shea's Theater and cleared $200 on the evening's program. During 1921 sixty-seven members have been received into the church, and eight children christened. Fifteen hundred dollars has been paid on the church debt. Sunday congregations have steadily increased, and the Sunday school has had its most prosperous year.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. H. E. Benton, pastor. On Christmas morning, the choir gave Maunder's cantata, "Bethlehem," the story of the nativity in song. Following this service the church school presented a special Christmas program in the auditorium, in charge of Helen Fry and Mrs. Andrew Weakley.

Linesville.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. The recent bazar netted $300. The ladies put on the play, "Much Ado About Nothing." At a recent Sunday evening service, the pastor told of his experiences in China. The church was well filled. During the winter a series of "Pleasant Sunday Evening" services, with stereopticon pictures,

will be conducted. An orchestra, conducted by the pastor and his son, is a great help in the Sunday school.

Wisconsin

Wausau.—Rev. William J. Taylor. pastor. On Dec. 23, the church presented Marjorie Lacy-Baker's "Logos," the nativity of Christ, in the auditorium of the church. Last year when it was given, hundreds were turned away. "Logos" is the most beautiful production of its kind that has come to our notice, and we plan to give it every year. Before and following the production, Christmas carols were sung from the tower of the church. Miss Baker's address is 69 Jackson Ave., New York City.

* *

GOD'S ACRE

"God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas, no more their own."

How precious this thought becomes when visualized in the form of a National Universalist Cemetery laid out within the shadows of the old Potter Meeting-house where on Sept. 30, 1770, John Murray satisfied the longings of Thomas Potter in a declaration that has since modified every theological dogma.

We Universalists have a heritage possessed by few of any faith, and it is with an earnest desire to preserve these hallowed landmarks that an appeal is now being made to the generous people of our faith. Five thousand dollars is all that is needed to assure to the Universalist denomination this beautiful shrine of Universalism—Murray Grove.

Make your remittance to Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.; or to Walter Gabell, 6600 North 13th St., Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE COMRADES' WORK IN THE MAINE INSTITUTE

Co-ordinating with the other organizations of the Church, the Comrades carried out the following program during the Institute, Dec. 13-16.

At Livermore Falls, Dec. 13, the speakers were Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., and L. L. Peck. Rev. Will Kelley, a former pastor of the church, conducted the devotional service, and Hon. John Maxwell presided.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, a meeting was held at Brunswick, where there is a strong chapter. Mr. Comee, state secretary, made a fine appeal for new members, and seven new men joined the organization.

At Augusta, Mr. Comee and Mr. Peck were the speakers for the Comrades, and Miss Morgan, for the Sunday School Association, spoke, urging the men to interest themselves in "manning" the Sunday school. Rev. Milo Folsom presided. Mr. Manning told briefly of how the Y. P. C. U. welcomed the Comrades' order as the organization to receive its young men when they had reached maturity. New members were added to the chapter.

The last meeting was at Dexter, when Rev. Harry Shook of Brunswick, Mr. Manning, and Mr. Peck were the speakers. Before the meeting the ladies of the parish served a fine dinner.

It is hoped that the next State Institute will be held in the early fall when the roads are such that automobiles can be used. The Comrades of Maine are glad to have had a part in this fir t Institute.

* *

DINNER OF BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

One of the best dinners of the Universalist Club in recent years took place at Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Monday evening, Dec. 12. Community songs were sung under the leadership of Mr. George Stanton of Cambridge.

The president, Mr. Thomson, introduced Mr. Howard Whitmore, of the Episcopal Church, a prominent Boston lawyer, as the first speaker. In a brief address he contrasted the clubs in their various activities and brought the greetings of his organization to our club.

The principal speaker of the evening was Dr. Charles Fleischer. In his address, "The Spirit of the Age," he declared that democracy is the characterization of the spirit of the age, and that it should be our business to engage in a beneficial conspiracy to make the individual count the most that he possibly can.

Several new members joined the club, among them Rev. W. P. Farnsworth, pastor of the Stoughton Universalist church. The membership committee, composed of members in the various sections of Greater Boston, are working to bring in more members during the winter.

The January dinner of the club will be held at the Hotel Bellevue Jan. 9.

* *

INTERSTATE MINISTERS MEETING

The Interstate Ministers' Meeting will be held Jan. 9, 1922, at the Roxbury Universalist Church, Buena Vista Street. (Take elevated train to Dudley Street station; change to any Warren Street car—upper level, east loop—getting off at Buena Vista Street.)

Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., president of the State Convention, will preside.

Morning session at 10.30. Devotions, Rev. Stanley G. Spear. "Increasing the Influence of the Church through Publicity—Methods and Means," Mr. Harry A. Earnshaw, Earnshaw Press Corporation; Director Pilgrim Publicity Association.

12.15. Luncheon, 75 cents a plate.

Afternoon session at 1.15. "Our Men and the Church," Ralph W. E. Hunt, president National Order of Comrades.

Discussion and Questions. A Service of Consecration and Communion, Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D.

These meetings are worth while. *Every minister is needed.*

Railroad expenses of Massachusetts ministers will be pooled.

* *

DOOLITTLE UNIVERSALIST HOME FOR AGED PERSONS, INC.

The annual meeting of the Doolittle Universalist Home for Aged Persons, Inc., will be held at the Home, Foxboro, Mass., on Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1922, at 2 p. m., to receive the annual reports of the officers; to act upon any and all business which legally may be presented to said meeting; and to elect officers for the ensuing term. All persons whose dues are paid to the date of the meeting are members of the Corporation, and are entitled to vote either in person or by proxy.

George E. Leighton, Clerk.

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DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE L. PERIN, D. D.

The Rev. George Landor Perin, D. D., died at his home in Brookline, Mass., on Thursday, Dec. 22. Further details will be given next week.

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Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfer issued by Vermont and Province of Quebec Universalist Convention to Rev. Judson P. Marvin has been accepted by our committee.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

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VERMONT AND PROVINCE OF QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Clifford R. Stetson, having resigned as chairman and clerk of the Fellowship Committee of this Convention, because of removal from the Convention limits, Rev. George F. Fortier is hereby appointed chairman and secretary, *pro tempore*, until the next regular session of the Convention. Effective Dec. 31, 1921.

George F. Fortier, Secretary.

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GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES MEETING

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention will be held at the Church of the Divine Paternity, NewYork, on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 16-17, 1922. All matters for the attention of the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than Jan. 10, 1922.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee on Fellowship of the New York State Convention will hold a meeting of the parish house in Utica, N. Y, Jan. 6, 1922, at 1 p. m., to examine in order to determine the fitness for ordination of Miss Harriet Druley and Miss Helene Ulrich.

George H. Bowers, Secretary.

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GOSPEL HYMNS WANTED

The Chapin Home asks for fifty or more copies of Gospel Hymns No. 1, 2 and 3 to be given by any society which may have them and does not use them. Many of the aged here can remember those hymns and love to sing them. Address the Chapin Home, Jamaica, N. Y.

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Lewis R. Lowry has been duly transferred from the fellowship of the New York Universalist Convention to the Ohio State Universalist Convention.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTED

We desire to organize Sunday schools in connection with or independent of existing churches. Where even two or three can be gathered for the purpose of religious education it is possible to have a Sunday school. We are ready to help financially and in every other possible manner Write at once to

The General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL YEAR BOOK

By order of the Detroit Convention, the General Convention is to issue a year book which will contain a report of the Convention and matter formerly included in the *Universalist Register*. Blanks for reports are now being prepared and will soon be sent out. Any suggestions as to form and contents of such a year book will be appreciated and considered, if sent to the Secretary of the Convention., Rev. Roger F. Etz, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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CONNECTICUT FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Connecticut Fellowship Committee has granted a letter of transfer to Rev. W. P. Farnsworth to the fellowship of the Massachusetts Convention.

Hart. Kearns, Secretary.

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Obituary

Orin N. Littell

The Cincinnati, O., church and its auxiliaries are cast in deepest gloom over the death of Mr. Orin N. Littell, at the age of fifty-six years, after an illness of only two days. His death occurred on the morning of Nov. 30. Only the Sunday before he was in the Bible class and at the church services and he and his son passed the contribution plates for the offering. He was taken violently ill the next morning and rushed to a hospital where he died after an operation.

His grandfather, William Littell, and his father, William J. Littell, were both staunch Universalists and members of the Cincinnati church, and he followed in their footsteps. He served the church faithfully for many years as trustee and treasurer and was always ready to do anything for the church he loved so well. His place can hardly be filled. His funeral was conducted by Rev. Thos. M. Murray, followed by a short Masonic service, he having been a 33d degree Mason.

He leaves a widow, a son, daughter, three grandchildren, a brother and three sisters.

Mrs. L. L. Gay

Mrs. Lillie L. Gay died Nov. 27 at her home in Spokane, Wash., after an illness of many years. She was the daughter of Enoch Briggs Salls and Lovina C. Salls of Canton, N. Y. She was born March 2, 1854, at Potsdam, N. Y., where her childhood was spent, moving to Canton, N. Y., later.

She married George Lewis Gay in 1877 and they moved to Spokane in 1888, where Mr. Gay, a real estate man, died several years ago. Mrs. Gay was a lifelong Universalist and at different times filled the pulpit of that church. She also took an active part in public affairs as long as her health permitted and she never lost her interest.

She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Carrie S. McClusky and Mrs. Lena A. Corby, a niece, Mrs. Albert G. Starkey, and Mrs. D. T. Martin, Molson, Wash., and several nieces and nephews in New York.

The funeral was held at the home, Nov. 29, the Rev. Eugene Milne Cosgrove officiating.

Preston R. Hunt

Preston R. Hunt died Nov. 15, at the age of seventy-six. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. B. Fosher of Troy, Ohio, in the Plattsville Methodist Church.

Annie L. McGaha

Annie L. McGaha, of Springfield, Ohio, died Dec. 11 at the age of eighty-six. She is survived by two brother: Marion Lawrance, of Chicago, Consulting Secretary of the International Sunday School Association, and Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance, of Boston, Mass., head of the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association. She was a member of the Universalist church of Springfield since 1893, and its clerk for more than twenty years. Rev. I. W. McLaughlin, her pastor, performed the funeral services.

Allen A. Presbrey

The death of Allen A. Presbrey of Providence, R. I., on Oct. 22, was indeed a shock to his many friends. He had been actively identified with Universalism in Providence for the past sixty years. His interest began in the Old Second Universalist Church of which the father of Rev. J. Coleman Adams, D. D., was pastor. He was with the Church of the Mediator when it began its life in 1867. Always in his pew on Sunday mornings, for he knew no sick days, trustee of the parish for forty-one years, deacon for thirty-five years, superintendent of the Sunday school for thirty-four years, is his record of service to his church.

For ten years he was a member of the Common Council of the city government. He was also one of the Commissioners of the North Burial Ground. He was a member of St. John's Lodge of Masons and a Past Noble Grand of Old Pilgrim Lodge of Odd Fellows.

In his church, he was called Father Presbrey by young and old. This statement gives an idea of the love of the parishioners for him. "The Crusader," the church paper, carried the following eulogy:

"Father Presbrey, everybody's friend, the grand husband, father and brother in his home, the citizen who nobly served his city, the business man who was the soul of honor, the man who inspired the young, the man who was an honor to his church, the Universalist at work—thank God for the privilege of knowing, loving and following Father Presbrey, a Christian gentleman."

He passed away in his seventy-sixth year, and is survived by his wife and two sons, Walter A. and Howard A. Presbrey.

The funeral service was held in his home on Oct. 25, with Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., and Rev. Fred C. Leining as the officiating clergymen.

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Crackling

The Soviet has issued paper money to the extent of five trillion, seven hundred and fifty billion rubles. That is a dollar and seventeen cents in American money. —*Seattle Argus.*

* *

Moses: "Ve give little Ikey two quarters every week for pocket money."

Cohen: "Dat vos a lot of money every veek, Moses."

Moses: "O, vell, it pleases 'im. Ve let 'im put de money in de slot gas meter; he thinks it's a money box."—*Pathfinder.*

* *

An English mother was visiting her son at college.

"Well, dear," she said, "what languages did you decide to take?"

"I have decided to take Pictish, mother," he replied.

"Pictish?" said the puzzled lady. "Why Pictish?"

"Only five words of it remain," he said. *Railroad Red Book.*

* *

A severe winter is predicted. This is the 1921st severe winter predicted during the Christian era.—*Wichita Eagle.*

* *

"Bitten by Insect 27 Years Ago, Suffers Great Pain Now," says a headline. That sounds almost like the first attack of the Presidental bee upon W. J. B.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* *

"John can you let me have a little money?"

"Certainly, darling. About how little?" —*London Mail.*

* *

A contemporary gives the following advice to its delinquent subscribers: "If you have frequent fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy, and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well and liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice." We pass the advice along for any of our subscribers who may have observed these symptoms, or any of them, in themselves.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

* *

The skipper was examining an ambitious gob who wanted to be a gunner's mate.

"How much does a six-pound shell weigh?" he said.

"I don't know," the gob confessed.

"Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train [illegible]e?"

"Twelve o'[illegible]."

"All right then, how much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

"Ah," said the youthful mariner, a great light dawning on him. "Twelve pounds."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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